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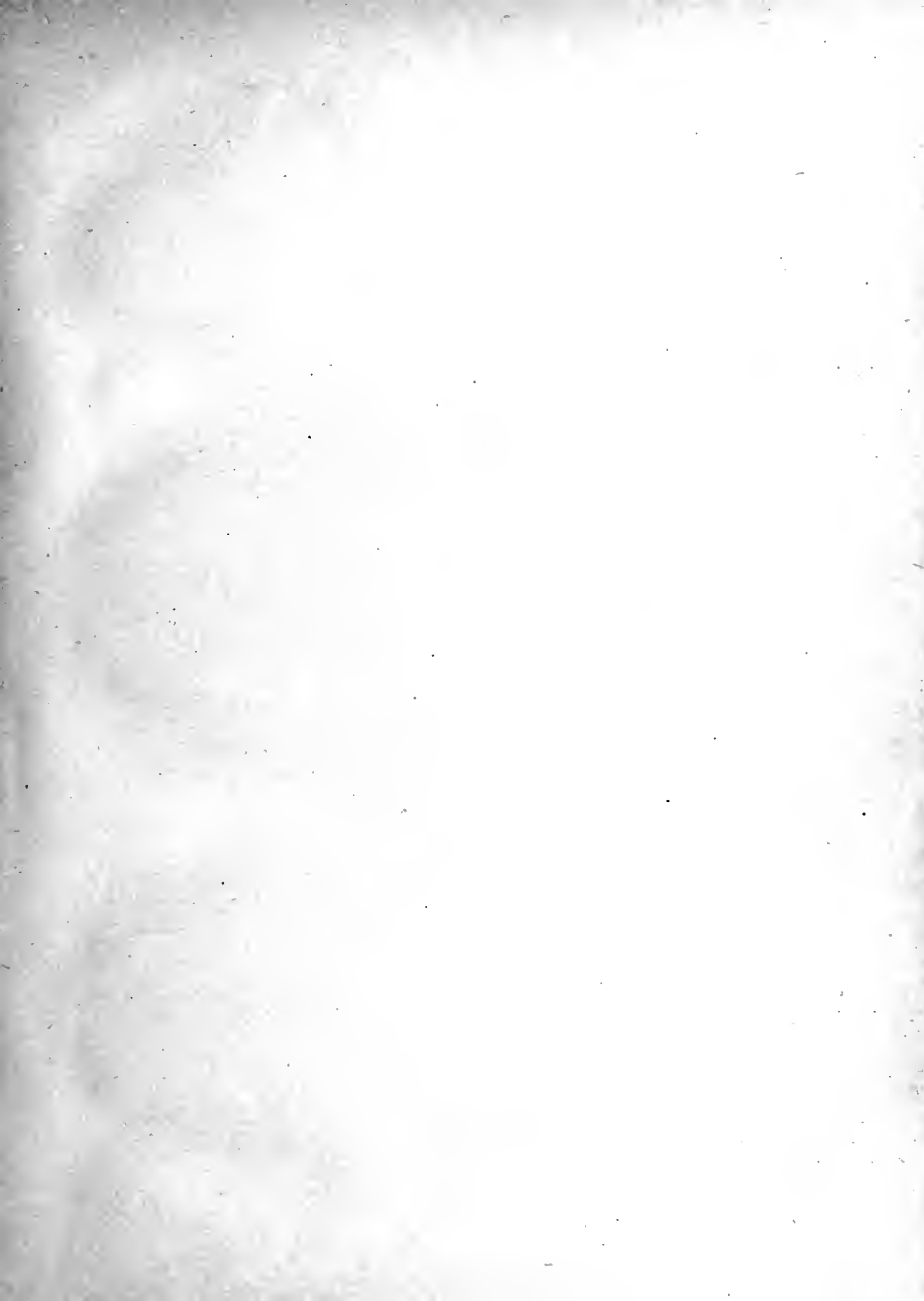
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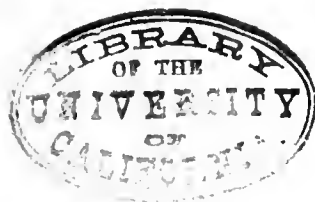
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Northwestern University

ORRINGTON LUNT LIBRARY
BUILDING

EXERCISES AT THE OPENING







THE ORRINGTON LUNT LIBRARY.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

EXERCISES AT THE OPENING

OF THE

ORRINGTON LUNT LIBRARY
BUILDING

SEPTEMBER 26, 1894



EVANSTON, ILL.

PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY

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Gift of

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

THE ORRINGTON LUNT LIBRARY BUILDING.

The library building is named in honor of Mr. Orrington Lunt, President of the Board of Trustees of the University, a friend of the institution, identified with its counsels and policy from its foundation.

At an early date in the history of the University, Mr. Lunt's generous interest placed the Library in permanent association with his name. In the year 1865, he gave to the Trustees a valuable property in Evanston as a library endowment; this fund, in the official records of the institution, is designated by the name of its donor. In 1891, he crowned this earlier gift by the offer of fifty thousand dollars to be applied to the erection of a library building.

Better library accommodation had long been one of the University's most urgent needs. The Trustees, accordingly, promptly accepted Mr. Lunt's munificent offer, and at once took steps to secure the additional amount deemed requisite for a new library building. It appeared that a building, adequate to the growing needs of the institution, could be erected at a cost of about one hundred thousand dollars, and plans were prepared on the basis of that estimate.

Generous subscriptions were received from friends in Evanston in aid of the proposed expenditure. Deserving of special acknowledgment, is a contribution of five thousand dollars received from Mrs. Elizabeth A. Hatfield, a gift to the University in memory of her husband, Rev. Robert M. Hatfield, D.D., for many years, until his death, a trustee of the institution, and a friend held in grateful remembrance for fruitful service of labor and of influence.

The remainder of the amount required was advanced from the University's own resources. The construction of the building was

begun in the summer of 1893; the work was completed in the summer following. A little later, the new cases and other equipments were put in place, the books were transferred from the old library rooms in University Hall, and the new building was made completely ready for use. The formal opening took place on the twenty-sixth of September, 1894, soon after the annual assembling of the University classes.

DESCRIPTION OF THE LIBRARY BUILDING.

The following description of the building from the Library Journal is inserted, with revision in some details.

The Orrington Lunt Library is situated on the campus of Northwestern University, and covers an area of seventy by one hundred and sixty feet. The building is planned so as to admit of future additions without sacrifice of exterior effect or interior convenience. The outer walls are of buff Bedford limestone; the roof is of red tile. The construction is an employment of the system sometimes called "mill-construction;" it is believed to be practically fire-proof.

The style of architecture is an adaptation of the Italian Renaissance. The outlines are simple; there is little ornamentation, but the whole effect is pleasing and harmonious. A spacious semi-circular portico, covering the entrance, is supported by six Ionic columns; on the frieze, in raised lettering, is the inscription, "Orrington Lunt Library." On either side of the vestibule are cloak-rooms. A broad oak staircase leads to the second floor, where are an assembly room seating four hundred and eighty persons, an art-room, and seminary-rooms. The third story, extending over the central portion of the building, is given to offices and class-rooms. The basement, well lighted and thoroughly finished, contains a large document room, a journal room, toilet rooms, and other apartments not yet definitely assigned.

The main story is devoted to the larger library uses. Occupying the central section and the adjacent wing, is the book-room. Separated from this room by the delivery-desk and the catalogue-cases, and occupying the remainder of the floor, is the reading-room, which has an accommodation of one hundred and fourteen sittings.

The windows are all large, and placed above the reading-tables at favorable height for light and ventilation. Beneath the windows, around three sides of the reading-room, are wall-cases. In these cases are placed, directly accessible to students, periodicals—both the current numbers and the completed volumes most frequently consulted—cyclopædias, and other reference books, and also the works reserved from time to time for special service by different departments of instruction. The reading-tables are provided with slides or extension leaves. The chairs and tables, like the entire wood-work on this floor, are of oak in handsome finish. The wainscoting and the ceiling are elegantly panelled. The entire floor, through both the reading-room and book-room, is covered with Scotch cork carpet.

Card catalogue-cases, made by the Library Bureau, stand at each end of the delivery-desk, each case containing forty drawers. The space under these cases is utilized for locked cabinets for large illustrated works, and the like. The delivery-desk is provided with convenient drawers. The bookcases in the book-room are of such height that all books can be reached from the floor. A private stairway leads from the book-room to the basement. All the stories are connected with the book-room by a book-lift and speaking-tube. In a central extension of the building, are the librarian's room and the cataloguing-room. They are of ample dimensions, and are suitably furnished with desk, tables, cases, and a series of locked cabinets with plate-glass doors. Two safety vaults are also provided. The heating is by steam from a detached station. The lighting is by gas and electricity. A ventilating system extends throughout the building.

The capacity of the library on the main floor, including with the book-room the reference cases in the reading-room, is nearly 100,000 volumes. The document room in the basement will hold upwards of 25,000 volumes.

The wall decorations were planned and the special designs executed by Miss Ida J. Burgess, of Chicago. The frieze in the reading-room and the book-room delights the bibliophile. The design includes thirty-two panels of varying size; in each panel is a shield surrounded by a conventional design, and on the shield appears some famous printer's mark, in such colors as harmonize

with the general color scheme. Here you may look up and see Caxton's mark, or that of Aldus Manutius, or of the Elzevir family, and so on. In the vestibule four panels symbolize, in characteristically draped figures, the four nations which have most influenced modern learning—the Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek, and Roman. The assembly-room in the second story is also tastefully decorated.

The Architect was William A. Otis, of Chicago. The building is believed, both in beauty of design and in general adaptation to its purpose, to do honor to his professional taste and skill.

The exercises of the formal opening of the Library took place in the afternoon and evening of the twenty-sixth of September, 1894. In the afternoon the exercises were held in the Assembly Hall of the Library Building; in the evening, at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Evanston.

The following was the Order of Exercises in the afternoon:

INVOCATION—REV. FRANKLIN W. FISK, D.D., LL.D., President of Chicago Theological Seminary.

VOCAL SOLO—MR. KARLETON HACKETT.

ADDRESS OF PRESENTATION—MR. ORRINGTON LUNT.

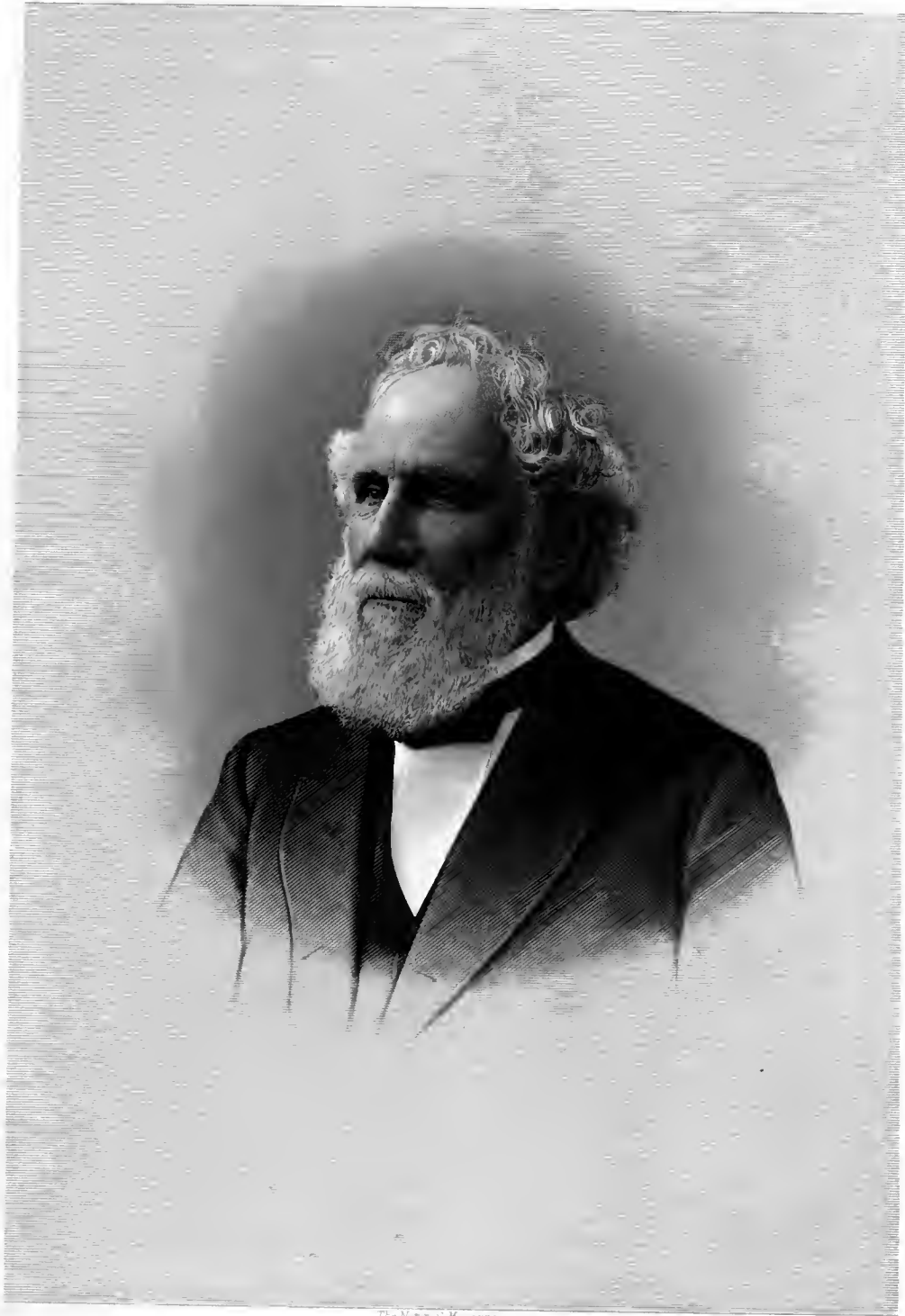
ADDRESS OF ACCEPTANCE—PRESIDENT HENRY WADE ROGERS, LL.D.

VOCAL SOLO—MR. KARLETON HACKETT.

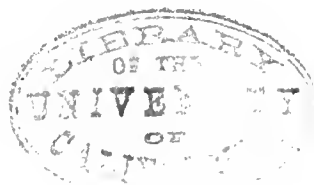
DEDICATION ODE—MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

ADDRESS—CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS, LL.D., President of the University of Wisconsin.

BENEDICTION.



Orrington Lunt



ADDRESS OF PRESENTATION.

BY MR. ORRINGTON LUNT.

The possession and use of a Library have always appeared to me a fundamental condition of intellectual advancement; and over a quarter of a century ago I laid aside, and gave to this institution, certain property as a fund for a library endowment. The erection of a suitable building seemed then a long way off, a realization I could hardly count upon seeing.

It is a great happiness, therefore, to me to-day, to look about upon this completed work, and to believe that here, for many, many years to come, the best thoughts of men will be found; and that all that those of us who are passing off the stage could desire to say to the youth here gathered, will be better said to them through books whose influence for good is not measured by our brief years.

The eminent librarian, our lamented fellow-citizen, Dr. William F. Poole, one of our trustees, and a member of our Building Committee, in an address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, spoke to us words on this subject that ought not to be forgotten.

Books, he told us, are the tools of his profession to a literary and scientific worker; the library should be his class-room and laboratory. "All who go forth as graduates should have such an intelligent and practical knowledge of books, as will aid them in their studies through life and make the use of books a perpetual delight and refreshment. Books are wiser than any professor and all the faculty; and they may be made to give up much of their wisdom to the student who knows where to go for it and how to extract it. It is one of the most delightful and inspiring incidents in a student's experience when he discovers that he has a key to the treasury of knowledge, and so finds that he has a function in life."

I am happy to believe that this Library will effect its end, in advancing scholarship in this institution of learning, in aiding in the defence of high principles, and in offering opportunities for earnest research and the honest pursuit of truth. Whatever is attacked or defended by the written word is assigned, as time goes on, to its own

place. That which is personal, small, and intolerant soon dies; and only what is rational and noble, in the hard struggle for truth, survives, to wield eventually its just power, unfettered and free. We want to learn what books are for, and how to use them; we want to lay the foundations for scholarly traditions. If we collect here what is good in letters and true in authority, may we not justly hope that capacity to appreciate and appropriate will grow by what it feeds on, and that our students will not fail of wise training, and ennobling culture?

From long experience among you, fully in touch with your ambitions and efforts, I know well how you as a Faculty have striven to open the minds of your students to the high inspiration of literature, and the noble challenge of science. I know how hard some of you now before me have labored through all these years, notwithstanding discouragements sufficient to break down any but the loftiest purpose, that this University might better realize its ideal, and become established upon enduring foundations.

Having been one of the charter members, and a trustee from its beginning, you will all bear me witness that I have watched the course of our beloved institution with deep interest and constant loyalty. Unused, as I am, to public speaking, this association of years furnishes my only reason for consenting to address you.

We have given in love and labor what we could. It rejoices me that we can meet on this afternoon and evening, happily conscious that we are all working together for one end; and that the erection and equipment of our Library is but a further step in our united effort to maintain here an institution of the first rank, and more largely engage and justify the affection and sympathy of our graduates.

It has been our desire and ambition to have a substantial and commodious building, which should be a center of activity in our University. We owe a lasting debt to our conscientious and accomplished Architect, Mr. William A. Otis, who has put into this beautiful form what we hope will fulfill its promise to all student life here, and prove a general source of helpfulness and inspiration. His watchful personal attention has been invaluable in producing the harmony, solidity, convenience, and general excellence of this structure; we take pleasure in assuring him of our appreciation. I

want to tell him, individually, that the building has become very dear to me, and that it seems beautiful in my eyes. I look around, and remember that we have the Christian warrant, that all that brings beauty and graciousness into our human life is a power for good in human character.

There seem to me to have been great thoroughness and pains-taking in the fulfillment of contracts; and to one going in and out among them almost daily, the artists and workmen have appeared especially faithful in meeting responsibility. To recognize this, and publicly tender thanks for it, is a pleasant duty.

And if I may now speak a few words to the young men and women who are to gather here that they may gain strength and enthusiasm for lofty purpose and noble endeavor, I would earnestly say to them,—remember that, whatever you are, your chief effectiveness in life will be due to the high ground you take; that your weight in advancing any cause will be measured, in the end, by your standard of character. These are your years of apprenticeship. If leadership ever falls to you, you will need all the inspiration you may receive here, and all the power and skill that arduous work can give. Every consideration urges you to make the most of your advantages. The treasures of the past, the possessions of the present, and the promise of the future seem to one of my age, looking back upon many deprivations and an entire lack of these splendid chances, to be all yours for the seeking—all within your reach.

I would assure you that while I still live and pray, I shall still hope and pray that from the collection of books made and to be made here, and through your intelligent use of them, there will radiate an influence enriching all life, by elevating, ennobling, and purifying it.

George William Curtis spoke noble words, when as a young man to young men, in a dark hour of our Nation's history, he made his ringing and powerful appeal for the enfranchisement of the down-trodden and enslaved. He called, in clarion tones, upon generous youth to arise, and answer by *conduct*, to face squarely the tremendous issues of their moral and intellectual life, to weigh well in the balance the duties of scholars as a class, wherever humanity is concerned, of whatever race or color. "Gentlemen," he said, "the scholar is the representative of thought among men, and his duty to



society is to introduce thought and the sense of justice into human affairs. He was not made a scholar to satisfy the newspapers, or the parish beadles, but to serve God and man. While other men pursue what is expedient, and watch with alarm the flickering of the funds, he is to pursue the truth and watch the eternal law of justice."

The gifted men of our community who constitute the faculties of our colleges, by their suggestions and influence, their authority and guidance, will lead you into new paths, and stimulate your love for the best things. Their whole-hearted service to you will reap adequate reward only in your individual achievements. You can justify their efforts by furnishing a reason for them in your own acquirements and usefulness.

We cannot close without speaking of those to whom we have been so largely indebted in the past. It is fitting, first, to make mention of that honored benefactor whose large and generous gift of books will keep him ever in grateful remembrance. I refer to our late fellow-citizen, Mr. Luther Greenleaf, whose valuable gift to the Library renders us ever his debtor. It is with pleasure I bear testimony also to the service of my early associate trustees, most of whom have gone to their home beyond. As I review the past, they rise before me now in sacred and sanctified light. They worked faithfully—they were true men; the past is made alive to me to-day by memories of labors and hopes shared with them. Yes, their works have followed them. The moral and religious lessons of lives like theirs serve to encourage us, and lift us up beyond ourselves, as we review them. You may all take courage, when you hear of those who toiled for you in that early day,—“the day of small things.” Remember, we have entered into their labors.

And can we forget those of clear intellect and dominant gifts, whose daily life and labor in our midst fulfilled the promise made as they in turn accepted the office of President of the University and assumed its responsibilities? We turn toward them with loving memory, and recall afresh their noble careers as incentive and example. They walked worthily,—showed, in laborious and faithful devotion to the cause of higher education, the character of lofty leadership.

He, the great-hearted one, who lies under the sod in Rose Hill, who died with all his armor on, needs no fresh laurel laid on his

grave. Dr. Cummings illustrated, by the majesty of his life, the great truth that character is the crown of crowns; and now "he sleeps well." He did not see the light which touches, even as the sunrise touches the hill-tops, the heads of the young and ardent workers of to-day. Yet he, with us whose feet are rapidly nearing the shadowy valley, had hope of the better things to come. Well do we all know, as he knew, that all things which are true and honest, just and pure, come from Him who is the perfect beauty and perfect truth; and so believing, we look patiently for that revelation which is to turn darkness into light, falsehood into truth, hatred into love, and the whole earth from evil unto good; and out of errors, blunders, ignorance, and crime, lead unto the perfect service of Him who is "the way, the truth, and the life."

And now to the galaxy before me, to you who constitute our hope and dependence—you living men of progress and lovers of learning, you who are engaged in the high pursuit of teaching,—to you, old and young, who by association, example, and instruction, are so largely contributing to our advancement, to you, President and Professors of Northwestern University, I offer assurance of my profound esteem, and my cordial congratulations. Here is the Library. It is yours, with its class-rooms, its lecture-rooms, its books, its periodicals and newspapers; yours, with its inspirations and possessions, given to this University in cheerful love, and in full confidence that it will be consecrated by patient industry and fruitful research, and that the gift will be multiplied by centuries of use; that it will enlighten all who come into its studious and quiet atmosphere, and more firmly establish that which you are aiming to teach and embody. I pray in hope and faith that it will become a great active and potential force for good.

I thank you all for your patience and kindly consideration. I shall never speak to you all again, but I shall remember this occasion with gratitude, and add the bright experience of this day to my most treasured memories.

Standing before you, where I have so seldom stood in my life before, all unused, as I am, to the platform, and wholly a novice in public speaking, reminded, as one of my age must constantly be reminded, of those who have passed beyond our human vision whither all feet are surely tending, reminiscence has had perhaps too

large a share in my thought and speech. This you will pardon to my years. And in closing,—not mournfully, but rejoicingly,—I quote, and may even dare to appropriate, a sentence of Carlyle, spoken of his father, whom he loved and whose death left him conscious of irreparable loss, and yet kindled his faith to exalted expression: “I, too, as he did, feel my feet on the Everlasting Rock, and through time with its death, can to some degree see into eternity with its life.”

Farewell! May the Great Father bless you all! May He give us all the assurance of eternal life, and bring us eventually to perfect holiness and perfect love!

ADDRESS OF ACCEPTANCE.

BY PRESIDENT ROGERS.

The pleasant duty now devolves on me of accepting in the name of the University the noble building which has been thus formally presented, and which is to be from this day onward the beautiful home of the library. In accepting this edifice I should fail to represent fittingly those for whom I speak unless I expressed to you, Mr. Lunt, the chief donor, and to the other good friends whose generous contributions, augmenting your gift, aided in the erection of the building, the gratitude with which the University regards what you have done. The trustees and the faculties, the alumni and the students of the University join in an expression of gratitude; and I am sure they one and all honor you. Not only do the friends of this University applaud your generous action, but the friends of other Universities, some of them represented here to-day by their distinguished presidents, join with us in expressing their appreciation of the service you have rendered to the cause of learning.

The Library of a University is “the fountain of its intellectual power.” A stranger coming here for the first time, and seeking to know something of the intellectual life which here abounds, will seek this place first of all, and will, in a large measure, form his estimate of the greatness of the institution here established according to what



he shall find or fail to find within these walls. A great University presupposes a great library. You and those who joined with you in the erection of this splendid building well understood the truth of what I am saying, and you were large-hearted as well as large-brained, and your generous action has made it possible for the University to enter this day on a new era in the history of its development. We had many urgent needs but none so important as the one you have supplied. And now let us hope that other men large of heart and rich in purse, as they look on this which you have done, may be led to emulate your example, and that ere long other stately piles will rise—a chapel large enough to contain all our students—a museum that will contain all our collections—a gymnasium suited to the needs of a university such as ours.

We do not forget here to-day that you are the Nestor of our University—honored in your old age, as was the aged hero of the Greeks, by those who seek for your advice because of the wisdom of your counsel. Nearly half a century ago you chose this place, then a waste, to be the seat of the University you were aiding to establish, and from that day to this, you have watched over its destinies with the devotion of a father for a child beloved. We rejoice with you that God has spared your life to see these results, and we congratulate you to-day that the University which you helped to found has grown during your lifetime to so noble proportions.

Some who are before me will remember the account which Evelyn has left of his visit to Amsterdam in 1641, and of how he went up into the tower of the cathedral to note the playing of the marvellous chimes. The story is that he found a man far below the bells with some sort of wooden gauntlets on his hands pounding away on a key-board. But the proximity of the bells, the clanging of the keys as they were struck by the wooden gloves, and the clatter of the wires, made it impossible to hear the music; yet those farther away heard the most exquisite harmony as it floated out over the sea and over the city, and many there were who paused in their work and listened to the chiming and were glad. As you have sat these many years in the tower pounding away on the key-board, your ears perchance may not have caught a strain of the music you have been creating, but let me assure you, Mr. President of our Board of Trustees, that those not so near as you to the rattle of the hammers and the

clangor of the wires are to-day praising your name for the music that has floated from the tower. They have been listening to the chiming and been gladdened as they listened.

DEDICATION ODE.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Father of lights ! whose breath divine
Moved through creation's ancient night,
Each pulse of wakening life is thine,
All power and wisdom and delight.
All the deep beauty of the earth,
That charms the eye or thrills the heart,
In Thy wide being had its birth,
Is of Thy wondrous nature part.
Still, at Thy word, the silence breaks
And splendors of the dawn appear ;
Still, from Thy hand, the clay awakes
To shapes of beauty year by year.
And still, in nature's changeless law,
Thy voice we hear, Thy face we see,
And bonds of kindred upward draw
The souls that Thou hast made to Thee.
Not drifting atoms in the spheres
Of blind, insensate force are we,
But born of Thine eternal years,
And linked with all that yet shall be.
No thought of grandeur or of power,
No voice of prophet or of sage,
Dies with its own brief, passing hour,
But lives to teach in every age.
The deeds heroic souls have wrought
Shine down the centuries with their light,
And rich with all the years have brought,
We count their treasures ours to-night.

Not for one dim horizon's sweep
Rose on the world their kindling ray ;
Through widening skies their cycles keep
The constant planets' steadfast way.

Back to the morn of earlier days
We reach our reverent hands to find,
And crown with laurel of our praise,
The glorious Masters of the mind.

O bright immortals ! wearing still
The light upon your foreheads set,
Our hearts, with deep, responsive thrill,
Are vibrant to your music yet.

Down the blue vales of Hellas goes
Old Homer, singing to his Greeks ;
And where the Avon winds and flows,
The soul of Shakespeare lives and speaks.

Still, for all ages, Dante weaves
His dream of shores no foot hath crossed,
And Milton in his blindness grieves
For every race its Eden lost.

The marbles wrought to shapes divine
By the great sculptors' matchless powers,
In their unchanging beauty shine
To link their own bright day to ours.

Ours the proud story, graven deep
On rocks that front the desert tide,
Where the calm Sphinx her mystery keeps,
Unheeding how the centuries glide ;

And theirs, for whose heroic strife
No hand could stay the sinking sun,
Who gave the whole of love and life,
And died with all their fields unwon.

So speeds the long procession by,
So grows the roll, from year to year ;

So to the souls that cannot die,
New shrines we build, new temples rear.
On swelling dome and springing arch,
On clustered pillars, blossom-wrought,
We trace their grand, triumphal march,
And grave the beauty of their thought.
Yet, in our highest thought to-day,
Lord of all life! to Thee we bow;
Stars of our lesser world were they,
Sun of a thousand worlds art Thou!
Make us with heavenly wisdom wise;
Teach us in human powers to see
But wings by which our souls may rise,
To find their being's end in Thee.

ADDRESS BY CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS, LL.D.,

PRESIDENT OF WISCONSIN UNIVERSITY.

President Adams, on being introduced, spoke substantially as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, MR. ORRINGTON LUNT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I heartily congratulate you on the arrival of this auspicious day. It is a bright day without and a bright day within. Coming from a University which knows what it is to have inadequate accommodations for a library, and to long for new and larger accommodations, I speak not without knowledge that a new and adequate library building for any university is one of the greatest treasures it can possess. The library, in a large sense, may be called the head of the institution. Certainly it bears that relation to the university as a whole in all matters of material equipment. Nor indeed can the library be called, in the strictest sense of the term, material equipment, for therein are stored the evidences of all that has been accomplished in all the walks of knowledge. It is not possible for any institution to do advanced work in any of the fields of investigation without having the means at hand of knowing what has been done by

those who have gone before. Every branch of knowledge is now inclined to take a historical form. Every scientific man, if he is to be sure of his ground, must know what scientific men before him have accomplished. If we scrutinize the work of those who have done so much for the advancement of science within the past generation, we shall find that the extension of knowledge even along scientific lines is a development from knowledge that has previously existed; and it is evident that there is no possible way of knowing what those before have accomplished without vast accumulations of evidence within the walls of our libraries. It was not altogether strange, therefore, although it was a very impressive fact, that when, after the recent Franco-Prussian war, the Germans decided in accordance with what they had done at Berlin and at Bonn, to celebrate their victory by the establishment of a great university in the conquered city of Strasburg, they should decide to appeal to the learned men in all parts of the world for books with which to establish a great library, without which they believed no university could appropriately be established. Within a very short time more than two hundred thousand volumes were brought together, and now within little more than twenty years from the founding of the University, the university library of Strasburg contains about four hundred thousand volumes.

But great libraries in order to be useful must be accessible to those who would become acquainted with their contents. The day has gone by in which the library is a mere place in which to *keep* books. The business of a library is to render books accessible, to enable the investigator after truth to follow and to run down easily any and all the information of which he is in search. In a university library all such information should be at the finger ends of the librarian, and should be made easy of access to every student. By such a building as this, students may be said to be tempted into the pursuit of knowledge. Though the acquisition of valuable knowledge can never be made altogether easy, it is still possible to adorn the avenues of learning with such delightful associations and suggestions as to make the search in every way agreeable. This is now felt to be a necessity as it has never been felt before. Within the few years past a large number of new and commodious library buildings have been erected for our colleges and universities. Kansas University has just completed a large and beautiful building; the University of Minnesota is just

completing a very large structure, and the University of Wisconsin will not be content until from some source adequate provision is made for a similar structure.

There is another reason why I am particularly interested in the opening of this library. I feel a kind of personal interest in the institution owing to my former relations with many of those who have had to do with the building up of the library here. In my childhood days, far off among the hills of Vermont, Mr. Luther L. Greenleaf, who made so valuable a contribution to your library, was my first teacher. Several years later, soon after I began the teaching of history in the University of Michigan, one of my pupils was the present honored head of this University; and finally, besides having the pleasure of teaching Professor Young at Michigan, and Professor Stancliff at Cornell, I had in one of my classes at Ann Arbor, Mr. Otis, to whose refined tastes you are indebted for the architecture of this beautiful structure. So you see there are reasons why I should feel quite at home in this building. I rejoice to meet so many of my old friends and pupils here, and I congratulate them all on the completion of this noble work. I congratulate the people of Evanston that so beautiful a building has been here erected. I congratulate you, Mr. President, that you are now able to offer so commodious a building for the uses of the Professors and students of the University; and, finally, I congratulate you, Mr. Lunt, that you have found so appropriate and so noble an opportunity for benefiting the students of this University and through them for benefiting mankind.

After President Adams' address, on invitation of the chairman, Hon. Horace G. Lunt, of Colorado Springs, who was formerly librarian of the University, made brief remarks, chiefly of reminiscence. The exercises of the afternoon closed with the benediction, pronounced by Rev. Dr. Fisk, of Chicago. An opportunity was then given the audience to inspect the library building.

In the evening, at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, a large audience was assembled to hear the address of Mr. Winsor. The exercises were as follows:—

ORGAN VOLUNTARY—PROFESSOR P. C. LUTKIN.

INVOCATION—REV. DR. MINER RAYMOND.

CHORUS—“*The Lord is Great*,” (Rhigini,
CHOIR OF ST. JAMES’ CHURCH, CHICAGO.

ADDRESS—“*The Development of the Library*,”
JUSTIN WINSOR, LL.D., Librarian of Harvard University.

CHORUS—“*Hallelujah Chorus*,” (Handel,)
CHOIR OF ST. JAMES’ CHURCH.

BENEDICTION.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE LIBRARY.

ADDRESS BY JUSTIN WINSOR, LL.D.,
LIBRARIAN OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

It is nearly two centuries and a quarter since a tiny college of the wilderness floated along your water-front. It carried two teachers. One, a black-robed priest, had passed a novitiate in Latin and Greek, and had drunk inspiration from the fountain of the Fathers. His matured life had been passed in the woods, a student of its wild denizens. He had sought the mysteries of their varied tongues till he could embalm in native cadences the great truths of his religion. His faith was symbolized in the crucifix dangling from his neck. Within the folds of his cassock rested the well-thumbed manual of his hourly devotion,—the be-all and end-all of his saintly life, the little library of this pristine university.

His companion was a vigorous spirit, equally adept in driving a bargain for pelts with the savage and in discerning the points of the compass in a lichened tree-bole. He could tell what to expect in the up-country by scanning the river which came from it. His perceptions could place the great divides which turned the river channels to



one ocean or the other. The outward aspects of nature were to him what supreme truths and human aspirations were to the priest.

Thus this little primitive college, borne on the littoral current which sweeps to the great southern bend of your life-giving lake, fitly prefigures the counter resources in mind and matter, which form the bewildering diversity of our modern, encompassing education. In the folds of our devotion to all that is helpful in the emanation of man's intellect, and beneath the symbol of our faith, we lay nearest our heart the wealth of our libraries, just as the devoted Marquette enfolded the spiritual manual upon his palpitating breast. In the lessons of our laboratories we find the prescriptions of natural law, just as Joliet found them in the air, the water, and the sky.

Two centuries and a quarter of struggling and vitalizing growth has done this for us and little more. Education means with us as it did to those pioneers, a preparation to subdue the earth, and to drink the libations poured by a bountiful past. From the breviary of the missionary to the possibilities of our modern libraries is a reach only equalled by the passage from the simple instruction of those lowly teachers to the complex variety of the new learning.

There are few more interesting problems to the student of this new learning than the part which libraries are playing in its development. There are two necessary concomitants of a large collection of books. These are a bibliographical apparatus and a growth of special departments.

Without the aid of bibliographical studies no large library can be well formed, and no such collection can be properly handled.

No library but those whose distinction is their size, can attract much attention, unless it becomes exceptional in some directions.

Bibliography and specialism are also the two readiest props of scholarship, and nowhere more than with us; and this is particularly true of bibliography. The learned of the old world look with some surprise on the recent advances in this respect which have been made in this country. We have seen and are seeing our account in it. Such studies have enabled us to outgrow the reproach, which fifty years ago and more was a common one, that nowhere in this country could one verify the first class investigations carried on by European scholars. The late George Livermore, in 1850, emphasized the stigma by saying—and he spoke the truth—that so cardinal a

little book in the creation of the Yankee character as *The New England Primer* could nowhere in this country be historically considered, because of the lack of books necessary to elucidate the allusions in it. Mr. Justice Story, speaking under the shadow of the Harvard library, said the same thing of Gibbon's great history. If this was more a reproach then than now, it should be remembered, that the first duty of a new country is to establish a good *average* of education, and that the creation of signal instances of the ripest scholarship comes later. A country like ours, receiving a constant influx of ill-educated aliens, has a more conspicuous duty to the state in making good citizens of them, than in creating pure scholarship. Wealth creating a leisured class, the patrons and purveyors of learning, has only come to us in a conspicuous way since our civil war, and it has brought with it the meed of scholarship.

It by no means follows that the creation of a large body of educated people is the sole source of remarkable scholarship. The scholar may easily appear of his own option; but he is *buttressed* in a community that respects him. I met a few years ago, one of the best students of our constitutional history writing his book in a society that offered him no encouragement and was destitute of libraries. There was something pathetic in his joy for an hour's intercourse with one who could give him a sympathetic response. Such a student, buying his own books and hampered in the selection of them, contrasted with one familiar with the resources of a well-equipped public library, may mean two things. It may signify a debasement of the intellectual vantage ground, so as to affect scholarship; or what is occasionally the case, it may put the scholarly mind on its mettle, and nourish its best endeavors. But such isolation from books is never a safe experiment, and never a successful test of mental endeavor in more than a few introspective studies.

The amassment of large private libraries is no longer a necessity of scholarship. The student is more and more learning to depend on large collections of books which the public fosters. There has been in the older communities a decided check of late years to the formation of private collections. I am told by law publishers at the East, that it is the western lawyer who buys books, while the eastern advocate depends on the social law-libraries.

It is my observation that with classes four or five times as large

as they were in my day at Harvard, the number of young men among the students laying the foundation of their own collection of books is fewer now than then. It is notorious that to-day in England the collecting of books by the educated and leisured classes has gone by. If a man is found forming a library, he is a banker or a brewer come to the financial front who thinks it a passport to social distinction. Earl Spencer told me a few years ago that he never added a book to the famous library then at Althorpe, and as I looked it through, I could well believe there had not a book been put in it for a half century. I have looked at some of the best libraries in English country houses, and I have found but one or two, notably that of the Duke of Westminster, which indicated that the best current literature as distinct from bibliographical fads, was contributing to their growth. The average English gentleman, with the training of Oxford and Cambridge, is content to depend on a weekly box from Mudie. Twenty years ago, the London publisher, Pickering, said that he could not count on selling more than two hundred and fifty copies of a good, new book; and Quaritch to-day says he could not live, except for his American orders.

Meanwhile the British Museum is printing sixty thousand titles a year of its current accessions. Leaving out of account the mass of books in foreign tongues, it was recently held by a competent judge that the British Museum did not have more than half (or at most three-fifths) of the books in English which have been printed. It is not then too much to say that the best library of English-speaking peoples is more or less of a makeshift. Mr. Bullen, the late Keeper of the Printed Books in that library, recognized this when he testified before the Society of Arts, that on few or no subjects to be investigated, could the British Museum afford the scholar *half* the necessary books. The late Winter Jones, for many years its principal librarian, told me once that not one thorough student in ten could find *there* all he wanted; and yet the British Museum is said to contain not much short of two million volumes, and is possibly exceeded only by the *Bibliothèque Nationale* in Paris. I have learned to distrust comparative library statistics; but we cannot certainly on American soil point to any collection one-third as large.

The growth of American libraries, however, has been rapid, and far beyond expectation. Five and thirty years ago, when the Boston

Public Library was finally organized, it was calculated that a building capable of holding two hundred thousand volumes would suffice for a century. In less than twenty years, it fell to my lot (being then in charge of that institution), to double its capacity, and now, in less than forty years, or much less than half the allotted time, it has been found necessary to build a building of eight or ten times the capacity of the old one. Less than a score of years ago the library of Harvard College was given an addition to its building to double its shelf-room. To-day it has to store away in boxes its superfluous books. Not long ago I was directed by the President of the University to plan a new building with everything commensurate for a college of five thousand students; and the result was a scale of structure which would give ample table room to six hundred readers at the same moment and would hold a million and a half of volumes with a prospective capacity of three millions—a great hive, the queen bee of which is a single folio come down to us through more than two centuries and a half, the sole relic of the library of John Harvard.

Twenty years ago Mr. Spofford reckoned that the library of Congress would reach half a million of volumes at the present time. It more than reached it in eight years. It was but the other day that the final stone was laid on the great building at Washington destined to hold the principal American library. The structure is claimed to have a capacity of at least five or six millions of volumes; but I suspect that with modern devices for compact stowage, its capability as a storehouse may be carried much beyond these figures. Perhaps it can be made to reach an extent something like five times the size of any existing collection of books, or just about equal to what a library must be if it is to contain every book that has been printed.

If no great library has to-day more than a quarter or a fifth of the vast product of the press during these four and a half centuries since Gutenberg, is there a chance that in this new world we can hope to bring from their obscurity all that is not irrecoverably lost of these other millions of volumes? The abyss of ages has doubtless swallowed some part of this literature never to give it up, but it is probable that the greater part of it is scattered in many libraries or in obscure household repositories and only needs to be brought together.

American competition in the European bookmarts, which has done so much in fifty years not only to enhance prices, but to bring

books from their hiding places, may do something to recover for us this vast reserve of literature. The great area of our national library building, however, is doubtless to be filled chiefly by the teeming products of the press in the future. Something like forty thousand or fifty thousand volumes of all kinds a year pass into the library of Congress under the American copyright law alone.

These vast figures make the problems which the coming librarians are to confront greatly interesting. There was a time when Englishmen thought the Bodleian contained every book worth having. Fifty years ago Panizzi came to the British Museum, fresh from an acquaintance with what the great continental collections preserved. He drew up a list of that library's deficiencies and British insularity stood aghast at the revelation. The assiduity of Jones, Bond, Thompson, Bullen, and Garnett has ever since been doing much to remedy the defect.

These future problems, if great and in some ways difficult, are far from being appalling. Great occasions produce great resources, and historical crises raise up adequate men. I see no reason to believe that learning and education will not be in the future more deftly as well as more exhaustively served, in an administrative sense, with these enormous segregations of books than they are to-day with our far smaller collections. I see no reason to believe that libraries can outgrow our ability to handle them.

We have not yet reached the capabilities of cataloguing and indexing, and have got to use more frequently the printed title, not altogether for its legibility but for its compactness. When the British Museum authorities saw that their prospective nine thousand huge volumes of its MS. catalogue were going to take for their convenient display a space three times the size of its own reading room, they were forced into print. It was cheaper than building a new structure. We may be sure also that we have not begun in mechanical devices to take advantage of all that the Edisons have yet done, or may do, to find appliances to diminish labor and expedite service. Twenty years ago I outlined an automatic device for the delivery of books; and its principles have been readapted in a moving endless chain, which is to render rapid the distribution of books in the new library at Washington.

I look to the development in such directions that will make the

library of the twentieth century, with a capacity and demand quadrupled over those of to-day, more easily administered in the delivery of books and more thoroughly subordinated to intellectual requirements in their catalogues, than any *small* library is to-day. Such developments will come in time. To Franklin the world owed, one hundred years ago, a step in university extension, when he founded the Philadelphia library, more imposing than any that is making to-day. When he tamed the lightning, we may yet see what he rendered possible through electricity for library administration.

Nearly a score of years ago I was present in a small circle of his friends when Graham Bell made a rude instrument, in the rooms of the American Academy in Boston, give out "Home, Sweet Home," as played on a distant piano. A year or two later, after I was one of the first to put the telephone to practical use in the Boston Public Library, I recounted its possible future to a dinner party at Althorpe. The incredulous English thought my presumptuous fancies but the foolish rampage of an irrepressible Yankee. We know what has come of it.

We don't know what will yet come of the phonograph. Edison's first instrument was sent to Boston to be shown to some gentlemen before its character had been made known. I never expect again to see quite such awe on human faces as when *Gray's Elegy* was repeated by an insensate box to a company of unsuspecting listeners. I look to see its marvellous capabilities yet utilized in the service of the librarian.

The scientists tell us that palpitations once put upon the air never die; and that had we instruments delicate enough to register them we might yet hear the footfalls of Plato walking in the Academy; the denunciations of Brutus on the rostrum; the prayer of Columbus at San Salvador; the periods of Garrick at Drury Lane; the calm judgments of Washington in the Federal convention. Perhaps we might listen more attentively yet to the splash of the paddle of Marquette and Joliet in that infant college, wandering along these neighboring shores. We must wait many developments of the way in which science is to walk lock-stepped with the ardent librarian.

This library of the future is doubtless to be very costly, and we have got to compare the game and the candle. The British Museum is to spend half a million dollars in printing its three million titles. A recently erected library building is lighted at an annual expense

of \$15,000. Whether the necessity of such expense is wise may be a question. Nevertheless a great library is an expensive necessity, and it is far from easy for the man of affairs to comprehend it. The processes of bulking, which reduce averages of expense in commercial measures, work quite otherwise in the cost of maintaining libraries. I have known a good many instances of men, wise in making money, foolish in making libraries. A certain rich man founded a college and selected a librarian. This officer proposed to buy a bibliographical apparatus, to aid him in selecting a library. "No," said Cræsus, "I don't know anything about bibliography. Buy books as you happen to want them!"

A man of wide experience in affairs consulted me about a trust for a library in a metropolitan city. He had no doubt that the money would enable him to lead the world in libraries, and that the start of the great Paris library with its two million and more of books was no discouragement. He would not only equal the old libraries in books, but he would have their MSS. copied, and would even print such as no publisher would touch. When I examined the balance sheet of the trust, I found that after he had built his building, he could not compete for income, with a third-class institution, as libraries go.

A distinguished advocate of the chief bar of the United States in attacking the same trust in behalf of the heir-at-law, is said to have claimed that such an endowment as the trustees held, was out of all proportion to the needs of a library, and it would soon find that there were no books left to buy. Learned as this counsel was, he never suspected that there were still five or six millions of books which the biggest libraries had never yet succeeded in buying.

A distinguished Anglo-American, who spread his benefactions on two continents, employed an agent to gather a library for his native town. He restricted him to an average cost per volume of one dollar and no more. I remember the distress of this agent when he told me of the bushel of cheap books he had to buy in order to give him the chance of buying a few more costly and indispensable books of reference, and still keep his average at a dollar. It is certainly one thing to bank for governments wisely, and quite another to cater with sagacity to the intellectual wants of your native village.

But the millionaire has his mission, if he is not always wise in it, for he must be depended upon to do what learning will not do.

From a million to two millions of dollars, and more, have been privately bestowed on American communities in the endowing of libraries, in six or eight different instances within a score of years. We can have nothing in this country like the sequestrations which have so conspicuously augmented some of the chief libraries of Europe, but of late we have begun to experience the gravitation of private collections of special interest toward our public libraries. It was a saying of Thomas Watt, the bibliographer, that the excuse for the existence of private collections, is that they may eventually be engulfed in public ones. We have seen scholarship better equipped among us for what Mr. Lenox studiously preserved for us; for what the Barton collection has done for Shakespearian studies in Boston; for what the White collection has done for students of the French Revolution and the Reformation at Cornell; for the Dante collections at Cambridge and at Ithaca; the garnering of Von Mohl and Bluntschli at Yale and at Johns Hopkins; the Marsh collection at Burlington; the geological and geographical library of Professor Whitney at Harvard; and the Spanish collection of George Ticknor at the public library of Boston,—not to name others. It is in Americana however that our libraries can naturally best compare with those of the old world. The Ebeling, Warden, Bancroft, and Force collections have put all students of American history under obligations. They have seen with regret the Prescott, Brinley, Barlow, Field, and Murphy collections scattered under the hammer, and cherish the hope that the Carter-Brown and Charles Deane collections may yet be possessed by the public.

The world has few more precious possessions than the books of a scholar, tinged with his mental contact. I remember seeing once in the London Library in St. James' Square, a closet full of books, which had been lent to Carlyle, and carefully preserved, because when he read them he had entered his pungent exclamations and pithy comments on their margins. In recognition of this audacious habit it had been the policy of the librarian to lend to Carlyle every new book which he thought would interest him, because he was sure to scatter his disdain on its blank spaces. What these marginalia were, we can imagine if we glance at the books streaked with his belligerent spirit, and shown in the collection used in writing his *Cromwell* and *Frederic*, which he bequeathed to the Harvard Library.

The most significant development of the college library during the last score of years is that which has worked parallel with seminary methods, and which has made laboratories out of collections of books. The elective system and the dispelling of rote-learning have reacted on the library, and the library has influenced them.

I may be in error, but I venture to say that this close mating of library uses with college work, first took shape in Harvard College library, not twenty years ago. When the process of closely applying particular books to help instruction was then proposed, it was not received with much favor, and most of the teachers discredited the innovation. The plan was a simple one. The teacher was to name to the librarian the books to which in his lectures he was to refer, and these taken from their places in the general library were to be made accessible to the students in a given alcove. My recollection is that not more than a score or two of books were thus designated in the beginning by two or three instructors. It took a year or two to make a real start; but to-day not a teacher, of the two or three hundred at work in the college, but is eager for this chance to promote his pupils' study. So instead of two or three dozen books, we count now on the shelves seven or eight thousand volumes, particularly applicable to the instruction. With allied reference books, there are twenty-five to thirty thousand volumes open to the immediate contact of the interested student. The system has gone a step farther in the creation of class-room libraries, close at hand in the hours of instruction, and ten or a dozen of these supplemental collections, show from a few score to a few thousand volumes each. All this has conduced to an enormous increase in the use of the books, and our statistics reveal that a very small proportion of the students are not frequenters of the library.

Nor is this all which is, in these latter days, done to facilitate the use of the books. Systematic instruction in bibliographical research keeps in the van of every subject a cloud of skirmishers, who bring in title after title for the consideration of the library authorities. Thus the whole system becomes a practical endowment of research, and the library becomes a central agency in college work. It "teaches the teachers," as President Eliot has said of it.

There is at this point one pertinent question:—With this importance in the broad system of instruction, does the library always get its

due share of the money resources of our colleges? Are not too often the advantages of its improvement weighed against those of a new chair? If another institution creates a professorship of Tamil, cannot the library wait till we create *our* chair of Tamil? Do the authorities always consider that every diminution of the library's essential allowance is simply a check upon the proficiency of *existing* chairs?

Is it too much to say that the library is the very core of the University? I once said, "The library should be to the college much what the dining-room is to the home—the place to invigorate the system under cheerful conditions with a generous fare and good digestion." There cannot be too much care bestowed in making this place of intellectual sustenance attractive. Grateful appearances beget grateful humors.

The fact is a librarian needs every advantage he can possibly command, if he is going to make his library of the utmost profit. He must be himself a standing invitation to the library's hospitality. I remember one day shortly after I took charge of the library at Cambridge, seeing an old man, bearing a head that no one could forget, with its black, cavernous eyes and white, shaggy locks—the most picturesque character that we have ever had in our Harvard faculty—I remember seeing this old man climbing clumsily up a steep stair to a cock-loft. I asked where he was going, and was told that in the crowded state of the library, the collection of books in modern Greek, being used by no one else, had been placed in this upper loft and that it was the old man's habit to go there and seek quiet among the books. Shortly after I inspected the collection and found it a motley assemblage of volumes in bad binding, or in none. I ordered them to be tidily bound, and placed in a fitting room. Thereafter Professor Sophocles was my friend.

"I want to tell you a story," said he to me one day, in that deep, sonorous tone, which gave his talk so much Rembrandtish character. "My father," he went on, "wished to be chosen the chief man of the village where he lived in Greece. There was another man who had the same wish. One night there came to my father's house two men, scowling and saying nothing. They had knives in their girdles. 'How much did my rival promise to pay you if you killed me?' asked my father. They told him. 'Humph!' he replied, 'I will pay you twice as much to kill him!' They left on a new errand."

This was the way my venerable friend had of making a ghoulish tale serve for a bit of advice. If an inquirer comes to the librarian to lay him bare to his knife, send him away with twice the reward. Compound if you can the interest on the visitor's investment.

A librarian often wonders that so many students can go through a four years' course without really becoming proficient in the use of books; without learning that it is not always the reading of books that most enriches; but the skillful glancing at them. We do not want to go a journey with a stallion to find if he can throw his feet in a two-twenty gait. We must jockey in books. Make them show their paces over a half-hour course. Leave the plodding reader to be lost in a bewilderment of sentences.

It is a librarian's luxury when a man comes to him who knows how to master a book and to dominate a library. If our colleges would pay more attention to the methods by which a subject is deftly attacked and would teach the true use of encyclopædic and bibliographical helps, they would do much to make the library more serviceable.

The time lost in floundering among books would fringe the dreariest existence with many graceful amplitudes of learning, if men were taught to investigate as they are taught to swim. Floundering is not study. Then there is the waste of time and energy in rediscovering what is already known. The wise student looks for the blazed pathways of those who have gone before him.

A university scope in instruction, election in studies, and the pursuit of spécial aims, are certainly doing much to make us produce creditable scholars and enlarge the bounds of knowledge; but I trust that we may never cease to value the generous and all-round training of the small college. It is of inestimable value to us Americans that we have these small colleges, and I always feel a pang when one of them puts on university airs. It is the function of such colleges and their libraries to make educated gentlemen, to whom no knowledge is superfluous, who respond to every intellectual sympathy, and who make of social intercourse a well-spring of learned delights. It is the function of the universities to enlarge the bounds of knowledge, to make one acquirement the stepping-stone to another, to lay tribute upon nature and probe the obscurities of learning. Heaven defend that they should not make gentlemen *and* scholars; but the amenities

of our social existence are much more dependent on cultured gentlemen whose education does not aspire to the deeper scholarship.

I know of a university town where the atmosphere is saturated with the damps of specialisms. One wonders if Sanskrit, and hypnotism, and electro-dynamics exist for the world's sake, or the world exists for them.

It is the fashion of this community to maintain dinner clubs among its professors, and once a fortnight these clubs listen to an essay on the particular specialty of their host. He gives us the latest intelligence in his little world. Somebody has discovered an abnormal vein in a butterfly's wing. Another puts his lens on a literary critic and makes him hateful. A third tells us how a Roman folded his napkin.

It is a rule of these clubs that there should be no two members devoted to like studies, and when the essay is read, each of these specialists trains his own little Gatling gun upon the poor essayist. The show is sometimes brilliant ; sometimes it wearies a trifle. The scintillations sometimes light up unwonted depths, and I go home in a state of amazement at the multiplicity of the mind's angles. Intellectual life certainly gets new significance as one vantage ground after another is brought into use in the contemplation of a topic.

I go again to a table full of gentlemen who make no profession to advanced learning. I have on my right a banker who has just read a novel, in which he finds a misconception of a curb-stone operator. Some one across speaks of an horticultural exhibition and my friend tells the story of the introduction of the Chrysanthemum from Japan, and is led to speak of Parkman's success in the hybridizing of lilies. My left hand neighbor says he has been at Bellemead and ridden behind Iroquois. My Wall street friend knows the pedigree of Iroquois and tells me who his grandsire was. Our host is reminded of a celebrated horse of Colonial days, which carried General John Winslow on some famous ride. My moneyed neighbor immediately fills out the story of the Acadians, and traces back the tale of the Cajans in Louisiana. "My friend," said I turning to him, "what don't you know about." "Oh, I graduated at a little college in the New England hills, where we turn out educated gentlemen who know a little of everything and not a great deal of anything, who

can talk with a bandit or a Sioux and make him believe he is talking with a brother."

These little dinner-table experiences illustrate what is the difference between the educated gentleman and the special scholar. Is not one as necessary to our ripest civilization as the other?

I have said nothing of the relations of the college and books to the most momentous problem of our day. Squirarchy and birth, which ruled our nation once, have given place to a new order. Political economy in its sociological aspects has become a study of contemporary manifestations. It is no longer the geologist alone who takes his pupils afield. The professor of social economics finds his "strata" in graded benefactions, and his "faults" in broken lives. We cry much about education as the safety-valve in this mighty change, and say that university extension is a saving grace. Along with it all, has come the wonderful growth of our free-library system. In Massachusetts the state stands ready to help any town to have its library, and few there are without them. All this cannot, I think, mean that books and education are losing their hold on the people.

We are sometimes alarmed at the coming among us of vast hordes of aliens. We should not forget that in this country we have passed through just such disturbing conditions before, when our life was not equally well prepared to deal with the phenomena. Study the history of that huge wave of Americanization which, in the last century and in the early part of this, broke like a sea against the Appalachians, swept through their gaps and moved athwart the great valley of the Mississippi, broke again upon the Rockies and toppled down the Pacific slope. How much of this surging was of alien blood. Look at the names on the street-signs of every considerable town which that wave has left stranded in its passage. I doubt if, as our frontiers moved west, there were fewer aliens in proportion than we find among us to-day.

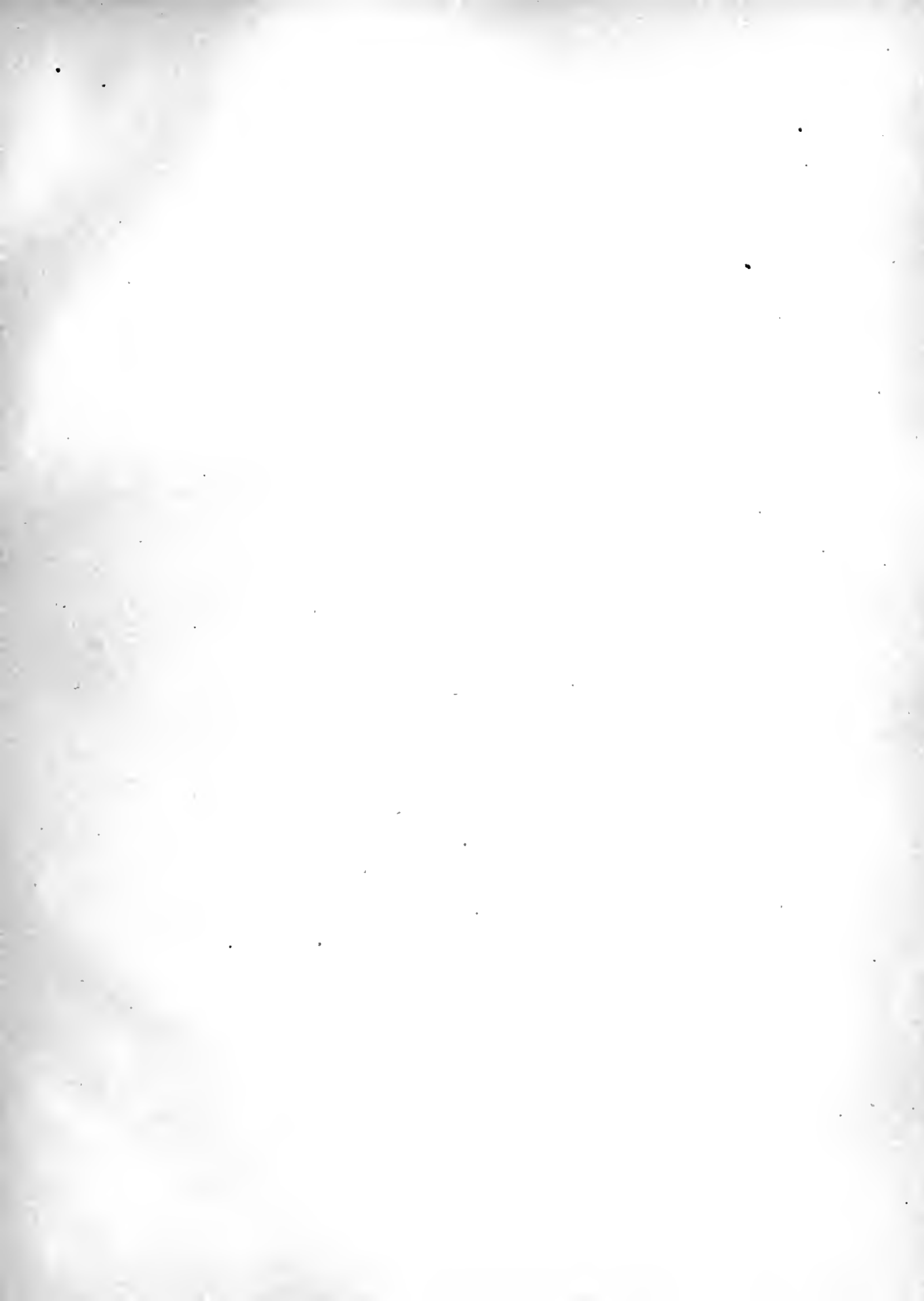
I happen myself to come of the ancientest of our New England stock. I can hold my grandchild on my knee and tell it of its great-grandfather, and of *his* father and grandfather—six generations that I have known—as many as would carry some old persons, still living, back to Plymouth Rock; and yet may I not well afford to welcome the alien who landed yesterday at Castle Garden? Of a family nurtured on the sea, I have come to nourish my existence on books. Is it

strange that I believe the laborer of to-day will be the progenitor of future bookmen ?

The students of Harvard College are seen now-a-days in the manual training school. The president of a Southern university when he took me into the workshops of his institution said to me : "We found out in the civil war what an advantage to you of the North was the spread of industrial practices among your people ; and we don't propose to forget it." If it was an advantage in helping to save the Union, can it be otherwise in helping to carry our life to higher results ?

After Mr. Winsor's address, the "Hallelujah Chorus" was sung : the exercises were then closed with the benediction, pronounced by Rev. Dr. Raymond.





Northwestern university.

Exercices at the
opening.

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